Pand. Ist possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take *Anthenor*, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon *Anthenor*, I would they had brok's neck.

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweete Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cres. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst neere been borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentleman, a plague vpon *Anthenor.*

Cres. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Anthenor.* Thou must to thy father and bee gone from *Troylus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no bloud, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troylus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troylus*. Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cres. Teare my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troylus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troyl. Æneas, Deiphob, Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt,
For her delinery to this valiant Greeke,
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troylus*

Tell

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And hast her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently.
And to his hand when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A priest there offring to it his owne heart.

Paris. I know what tis to loue,
And would, as I shall pitty I could helpe:
Please you walke in my Lords? *Exeunt*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan: Be moderate, be moderate.

Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And violenteth in a sence as strong
As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weake and coulder pallat,
The like alayment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admittes no qualifiing drosse,
No more my griefe in such a precious losse.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducks.

Cres Oh *Troylus*, *Troylus.*

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too
Oh heart, as the goodly saying is, Oh heart, heauy heart
why sighst thou without breaking: where hee answers a
gaine, because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship
nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime. Let vs cast a
way nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verse
We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
Cold lippes blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the Gods enuy?

Pan. I, I, I, I, tis to plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro